Vpon whoſe leaues are drops of new ſhed blood,
As freſh as morning dew diſtild on flowers,
A verie fatall place it ſeemes to mee,
Speake brother haſt thou hurt thee with the fall?
Martius. Oh brother with the diſmalſt obiect hurt,
That euer eie with ſight made hart lament.
Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them here,
That he thereby may haue a likely geſſe, *Exit.*
How theſe were they, that made away his brother.
Martius. VVhy doſt not comfort me and help me out
From this vnhollow, and blood ſtained hole.
Quintus. I am ſurpriſed with an vncouth feare,
A chilling ſweat oreruns my trembling ioynts,
My hart ſuſpects more than mine eie can ſee.
Martius. To proue thou haſt a true diuining hart,
Aron, and thou looke downe into this den,
And ſee a fearefull ſight of blood and death.
Quintus. *Aron* is gone, and my compaſſionate hart,
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold,
The thing where at it trembles by ſurmiſe:
Oh tell me who it is, for nere till now,
VVas I a child to feare I know not what.
Martius. Lord *Baſſianus* lies bereaud in blood,
All on a heape like to a ſlaughtered Lambe,
In this deteſted darke blood drinking pit.
Quintus. If it be darke how doſt thou know tis hee,
Martius. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A pretious ring, that lightens all this hole:
VVhich like a taper in ſome monument,
Doth ſhine vpon the dead mans earthy cheekes,
And ſhewes the ragged intrals of this pit:
So pale did ſhine the Moone on Priamus,
VVhen he by night lay bathd in Maiden blood,
O Brother help me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made thee faint as me it hath,

Out

Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Ocitus* miſtie mouth.
Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may
Or wanting ſtrength to doe thee ſo much
I may be pluckt into the ſwallowing wo
Of this deepe pit, poore *Baſſianus* graue:
I haue no ſtrength to plucke thee to the b
Martius. Nor I no ſtrength to clime wi
Quint. Thy hand once more, I will n
Till thou art here aloft or I belowe:
Thou canſt not come to me, I come to th

Enter the Emperour and Ar
the Moore.

Saturninus. Along with me, Ile ſee what
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say who art thou that lately didſt deſcen
Into this gaping hollow of the earth.
Martius. The vnhappie ſonnes of o
Brought hither in a moſt vnluckie houre,
To finde thy brother *Baſſianus* dead.
Saturninus. My brother dead, I know
He and his Ladie both are at the lodge,
Vpon the north ſide of this pleaſant cha
Tis not an houre ſince I left them there.
Mart. VVe know not where you lef
But out alas, here haue we found him dead

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and La

Tamora. VVhere is my Lord the Kin
King. Here *Tamora*, though griude wit
Tamora. VVhere is thy brother *Baſſia*
King. Now to the bottome doſt thou fea